RABINDRANATH TAGORE, By Krishnalal Shridharani


# The Saturday Review of Literature



THE CULLUM COLLEGE LIBRARY AUG 18



VOL. XXIV NO. 17 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1941 FIFTEEN CENTS


## Ophelia Against Her Critics
BY JOHN CORBIN

"THE CONSERVATIVE REVOLUTION"
By Hermann Rauschning
*Reviewed by Douglas Miller*

"WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE"
By Everett Rich
*Reviewed by Charles Mc.D. Puckette*

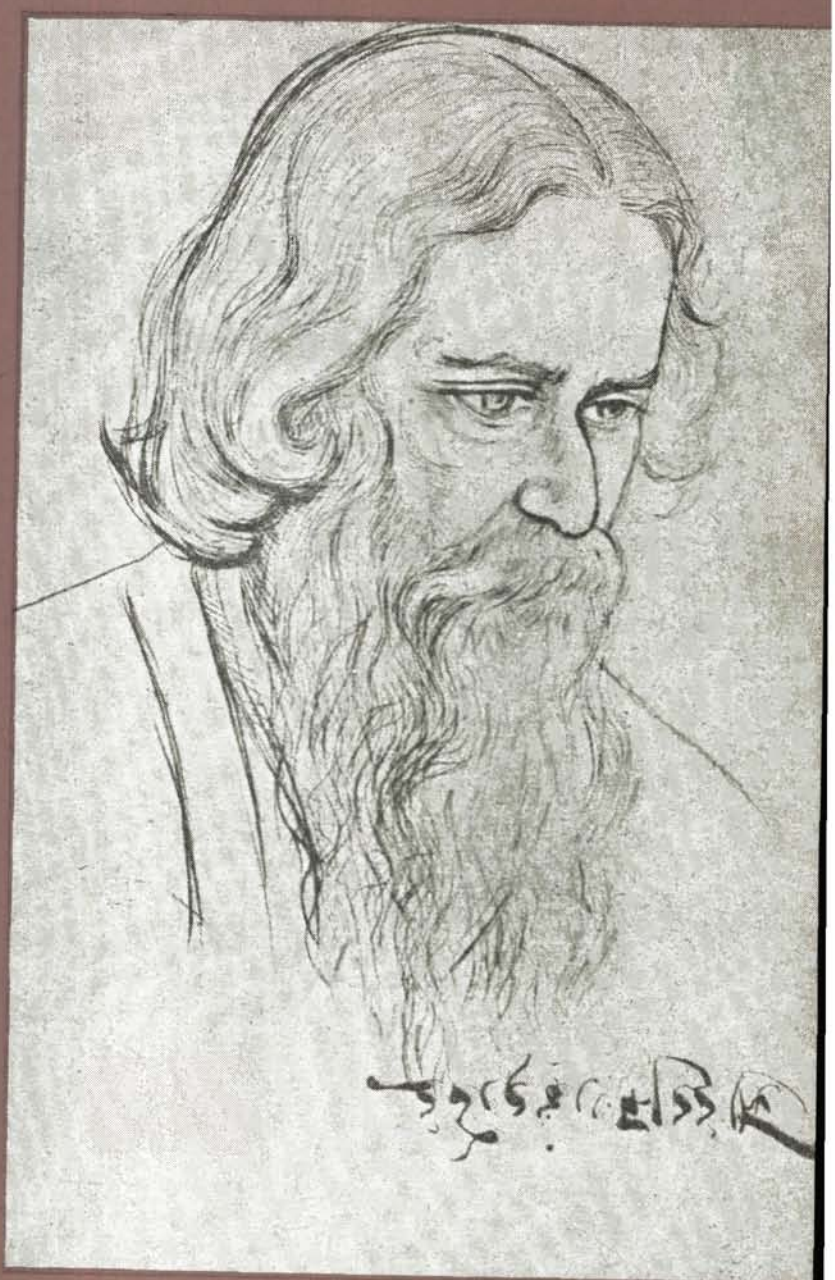
"THE SKIES OF EUROPE"
By Frederic Prokosch
*Reviewed by Amy Loveman*

"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ERIC GILL"
*Reviewed by Christopher Morley*

"NO LIFE FOR A LADY"
By Agnes Morley Cleaveland
*Reviewed by Fairfax Downey*

"SALUD! A SOUTH AMERICAN JOURNAL"
By Margaret Culkin Banning
*Reviewed by Katherine Rodell*

"LORD BROADWAY"
By Dayton Stoddart
*Reviewed by Louis Greenfield*



Many an American saw in Rabindranath Tagore, who died last week, "Christ as he is depicted in the painting of Da Vinci" . . . *(See page 3)*


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# IN THE MILL

**By John Masefield**

**From a Yonkers carpet factory to poet laureate of England!**

"Here in a short autobiographic snatch, John Masefield relates how and where he first set foot on the path of literature. 'In the Mill' is a strikingly simple book, and apparently so effortless that, even had it been anonymous, it would evidently have been the work of a practiced and individual artist in words." —New York Herald-Tribune

$2.00

# JULES VERNE

**By Kenneth Allott**

**The first biography in English of a great imaginist!**

"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Journey to the Moon," "Journey to the Center of the Earth!" What nostalgic memories of adolescent reading those titles bring back! Mr. Allott tells the story of Verne's life and interprets the political, scientific and cultural progress of the period, through the personality of a writer who played a significant part in it.

$3.00

# THE BATTLERS

**By Kylie Tennant**

**The "Grapes of Wrath" of Australia's migrant workers!**

"A fecund, teeming novel: enough stories to have filled a book twice this size in the hands of a less concise, less artistic writer. There is a curious affection aroused in us for characters as devoid of showmanship as they are genuine . . . the outstanding feature is the sort of strength that compels admiration."—New York Herald-Tribune.

$2.50

# THE CAP OF YOUTH

**By Naomi Jacob**

**A new type of novel from a widely popular author!**

A piquant plot, solid and contrasting characters and apt and vivid conversation are the meaty ingredients of this latest novel from the author of "Four Generations." John Preston, son and heir of an old type, conservative tradesman, becomes infatuated with and marries a gay widow who is the center of a fast, Bohemian set. His awakening and escape makes absorbing reading.

$2.50

*The Macmillan Company, New York City*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*The Saturday Review of Literature*

# Rabindranath Tagore

## 1861-1941

KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI

WHEN Rabindranath Tagore, whose works were welcomed to a place of high, isolated beauty in younger nations and were jealously worshipped in India, died last week, the East and West could unite in whispering, "One by one the lamps of loveliness are going out." In Tagore, India lost her greatest poet since Kalidasa, and the world one of its profoundest creative minds.

But it was not a sudden blow. Only last May Tagore had celebrated his eightieth birthday. It was then that Mahatma Gandhi wrote to him: "Four score is not enough; may you finish five. Love." Tagore's reply was: "Thank you for your message, but four score is impertinence. Five score will be intolerable."

That Rabindranath Tagore, more than anyone else in the twentieth century, had been instrumental in bringing the East and the West closer together was aptly and even superbly recognized by the civilized world in 1913, when the Nobel Prize in Literature went for the first and only time out of the orbit of Western culture to be awarded to the Indian poet. Of course Kipling, who was also born in India, had achieved the same distinction long before Tagore. But while Kipling's life-work resulted in deepening the canyon between "the lesser breeds" and God's chosen caste, it was Tagore who, for the first time in recent centuries, showed that the East can contribute to the West something more than a burden to be borne by the white man.

Ever since 1913, Tagore had been India's greatest and most effective ambassador of good-will to the world at large. But the United States in particular was the scene of his most spectacular feats as well as failures. On the credit side, no other Indian visiting this country was so successful in revealing India to the United States—not even Uday Shankar, the famous dancer. On the debit side, he became a victim of propaganda and whispering campaigns.

By way of contrast to Kipling, Tagore came as a relief to American audiences. "Beauty" was the word to describe Rabindranath Tagore. In his six-foot-three-inch body and Indo-Aryan features and complexion; in his full brow and deep brown eyes, silver-gray beard, and flowing wavy hair; in his high turban and silken robes, many an American saw Christ as he is depicted in the painting of Da Vinci. His voice issued forth like high-keyed silver bells. His sensitive tapering fingers looked like flames of fire, reminding one of the fingers painted in the Ajanta caves. . . . I have sat for hours, quietly in a corner, looking at this perfect creation of God in his musical movements.

Tagore's mission to the West, however, did not consist in revealing the "Oriental grace." His one ambition in the early '20's was to bring back to the Occident "the human touch" which was being obliterated by the rampant nationalism of the West. For he was among the first to perceive in the industrial civilization the growth of Western nationalism, which to him meant nothing short of "organized greed."

The Messenger from India was also a keen and witty observer of the American scene, and it was often difficult for people who surrounded him to decide whether he was being Shavian or was indulging in the poetic license of moodiness. Most foreign observers of the pre-depression America were bound to notice the waste involved in an economy of plenty. Tagore put it like this: "Of all the lands that I have visited, the United States is the only one where a person eats the inside of a slice of bread and throws away the crust."

But the favorite item of Tagore lore is the following: Mr. and Mrs. Will Irwin once took Tagore to see a Harvard-Princeton football game. All in the party, and especially Mr. Irwin, were becoming increasingly excited as the game progressed, forgetting the presence of Tagore. Once, by chance, they glanced at their guest and noticed that he was not looking at the

**Mr. Shridharani, seated at the right, is shown with another student and Tagore at the latter's school in India.**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

game at all. He sat there with his eyes closed in meditation, his chin lowered against his chest.

When the gridiron classic was over, Mrs. Irwin asked Tagore, "Well, how do you like our game of football, Mr. Tagore?"

"It is no game," replied Tagore in all seriousness. "It is war."

Tagore's popularity had had its ups and downs in Great Britain, as in America. However, his acquaintance with the English scene was developed over a longer period of time. His first visit to England took place in the autumn of 1874 when he accompanied his elder brother to attend a school at Brighton. The head master, well-known as an amateur phrenologist, greeted the young boy with the remark: "What a splendid head you have!" Later he went to London to study law, but returned home without finishing the course. Thus, like Bernard Shaw, he was no school-product but, also like Bernard Shaw, he was a lusty student of libraries and life. For instead of going to the Inner Temple while in England, Tagore spent most of his time in the British Museum, and consumed Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Goethe, Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso. He also translated into Bengali parts of Victor Hugo, Shelley, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Tennyson. But his favorite English poet was Browning, and he thought that Walt Whitman was America's greatest poet. In his own poetry, he abandoned the traditional Indian metre, and in his songs he occasionally showed the influence of the Western music. Early in his youth he became famous in India as the "Bengali Byron."

His English associations stood him in good stead in his literary career. In fact, W. B. Yeats and Sir William Rothenstein were among the first to be enchanted by Tagore's poetic genius, which reminded them of Maeterlinck and the dreamers of the new Celtic School; and Tagore's English "transformation" (not translation) of Gitanjali ran into several editions before the first original Bengali edition was sold.

BUT obviously Tagore's reputation for giving the lie to Kipling's complacent couplet about the twain that never shall meet would not have been quite so well established if the Hindu poet had been satisfied merely with drawing back the curtains to show the true East to a world audience. Great as this service was, he saw fit to supplement it by taking to the East the message of the West. He became a pilgrim of the West.

When he returned home, he gave added emphasis to certain Western values, and assimilated into his teaching what he called the West's "strength of reality, which knows how to clear the path toward a definite end of practical good." Tagore's admiration for such a path was realized by practical means. In 1922 he established, with the help of Mr. L. K. Elmhirst, a graduate of the Agricultural School at Cornell, the Institute of Rural Reconstruction at Sriniketan, very near his academic centre of Santiniketan. Santiniketan and Sriniketan are today the two great wings of what is known as Visva-Bharati, the international university.

To Indians, however, Tagore was above all the symbol of unity between the ancient Aryavarta (the land of the Aryans) and Hindustan of today. His poetry ran the gamut of India's heritage. From the seers who sang the "Vedas" in the third millennium before Christ down to present-day Gandhi, Tagore was a synthetic reflection of them all. The philosophers who wrote the "Upanishads" in 500 B. C. came to life again under his magic fingers. Buddha's teaching of "Maitri," bond of love, took on new importance in Tagore's "Religion of Man." Sages like Kabira and Nanak, who glorified mysticism in the Middle Ages; Emperor Akbar, who Indianized Islam in the 16th century; and the "Baools," devotee-poets who until recently sang on the banks of the Ganges in Bengal—all these voices of the past formed a part of Tagore's lyric chorus. As a result, the poet earned a place in the broken line of India's *Gurus*.

Hundreds of years ago, the *Gurus*, master teachers, were the guardians of Hindu culture. They kept Indian life in a constant flow by performing a dual task. In the first place, they interpreted old philosophies by writing *Bhasyas*, or treatises, in the terms of their times. Secondly, they readjusted, through personal example and by teachings, the Hindu views of life to the new environment and conditions around them. In the twentieth century, Tagore emulated them in both respects. Save for his interpretation of his country's heritage in the most modern linguistic forms and thought-images, India today might have been bereft of her traditional spiritualism. Save for his synthesis of the old idealism and the modern realism, India, like Japan, might have become today a lifeless imitation of the West.

Tagore was born in 1861, just about the time that the onslaught of Western culture, introduced by the British bureaucrats, began to disintegrate the settled life of Indian people. Born in one of the "advanced" families, he himself was subject to a conflict of ideas. On the one hand, he listened as a boy to the Upanishadic discourses

(*Continued on page* 14)

## THIS WEEK

### Articles

PAGE

RABINDRANATH TAGORE
By Krishnalal Shridharani ..... 3

OPHELIA AGAINST HER CRITICS
By John Corbin ..... 11

### Reviews

THE CONSERVATIVE REVOLUTION
By Hermann Rauschning
*Reviewed by Douglas Miller* ..... 5

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ERIC GILL
*Reviewed by Christopher Morley* ..... 5

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
By Everett Rich
*Reviewed by Charles Mc.D. Puckette* .... 6

THE SKIES OF EUROPE
By Frederic Prokosch
*Reviewed by Amy Loveman* ..... 7

A HOUSE FOR EMILY
By Elizabeth Reeves
*Reviewed by Currie Cabot* ..... 7

CONVENIENT SEASON
By David J. Manners
*Reviewed by N. L. Rothman* ..... 7

SALUD! A SOUTH AMERICAN JOURNAL
By Margaret Culkin Banning
*Reviewed by Katherine Rodell* ..... 10

LORD BROADWAY: VARIETY'S "SIME"—THE MAN WHO MADE THE GAY WHITE WAY GAYER
By Dayton Stoddart
*Reviewed by Louis Greenfield* ..... 10

A WOMAN IS WITNESS
By Ernst Lothar
*Reviewed by Klaus Lambrecht* ..... 13

NO LIFE FOR A LADY
By Agnes Morley Cleaveland
*Reviewed by Fairfax Downey* ..... 14

### Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. ..... 6
EDITORIAL ..... 8
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ..... 9
THE CRIMINAL RECORD ..... 16
RECORDS IN REVIEW ..... 16
TRADE WINDS ..... 17
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 386 ..... 19

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; James Nelson, Vice-President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary; George Dilkes, Business Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $4.50 in Canada; $5 in other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXIV, No. 17, August 16, 1941. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Evolution out of Revolution

*THE CONSERVATIVE REVOLUTION. By Hermann Rauschning. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 1941. 280 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS MILLER

IN looking forward toward the close of the war and final settlement, one of the most disturbing problems is the future position of German people in Europe. Everyone knows that great numbers of them are opposed to Hitler; but they are leaderless, voiceless, and frustrated. In his new book, "The Conservative Revolution," Hermann Rauschning, former president of the Danzig Senate, speaks for some of these forces of the opposition inside Germany. Rauschning has already performed a signal service to the Western World in his previous books, particularly, "The Revolution of Nihilism" and "The Voice of Destruction," in which he brilliantly pictured the destructive forces of Nazism and the mad fury of the Fuehrer. Now he attempts to describe his own political views and more especially the reason why he joined the National Socialist Party in 1931, only to renounce it later.

Rauschning readily admits his mistake. He asserts now that a conservative revolution is impossible and that we must aim at the "end of the revolution." His frankness is disarming, and we are bound to agree with his apology for a shift of parties when he says, "It is not those who have changed in these years of change that should be suspect; but those who have not changed."

But if we are going to condone the author for his one-time support of Nazism, it will be less easy for American readers to share his attitude toward life, toward government, and toward the future. Rauschning writes from an agrarian background. Although he modestly does not claim to speak for the Junkers, he clearly does so. I am afraid in this country we will not be persuaded that the Junkers ought to have more political importance merely because they get up at two o'clock in the morning to milk their cattle and live lives of stern self-discipline. We are inclined to be suspicious of the claim that a return to Christian principles in Germany can only come through the reintroduction of monarchy. This sounds indeed only too familiar. Perhaps Rauschning has changed less than he thinks. This is an argument which would have appealed to William II.

This book could only have been written by a German, and will not be really understood by many people who have not steeped themselves in German philosophy and traditions. It reflects a thoughtful scholarship, a broad and tolerant sympathy, and a burning eagerness to lift Germany and Europe out of their present suffering. But how discouraging it is to realize that this splendid German, representative of so much of the best in her people, completely ignores the fact that Germany is no longer an agricultural country, but an industrial one—that the urban masses cannot be enticed onward and upward by alien leaders who fail to understand their problems. Rauschning uses the word "democracy," but largely as a label, a method of identifying certain Western nations. He never seems to understand what it means; still less to appreciate that no matter what the future may bring, it will not bring a return to any sort of society like the Kaiser's Germany before 1914. He suggests that a conservative, Christian, monarchical, anti-liberal reaction may put the nations of Europe back into tutelage of courts, nobles, and Junkers again. He asserts, "Legitimism is the recognition of historic continuity as a determining factor of the maintenance of an ordered society." He has a yearning for another Metternich, another Castlereagh, and even the suggestion of another Holy Alliance. Few Americans would prescribe such remedies for Europe's ills.

**"Perhaps Hermann Rauschning has changed less than he thinks."**

*Douglas Miller is the author of "You Can't Do Business with Hitler."*

# The Artistic Mr. Gill

*THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ERIC GILL. New York: The Devin-Adair Company.* 1941. 300 *pp., illustrations.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THIS is a grand book for private argument between itself and the reader. And even if the publisher's advertising man should abbreviate the preceding sentence into "This is a grand book," that is all right with me. One of its charms is that the wrong kind of reader will never guess its honesty and humility. Eric Gill in origin and education might well have been all his life a member of the artistic chain gang, which is the most pitiable servitude in the world. But some instinct of escape was corpuscular in his blood. From humdrum schooling, humdrum sociability, humdrum architecture, and humdrum religion he made successive jail-deliveries. It is part of my sentimentality to think that it was watching the athletic impromptu of a famous Indian cricketer that was fabulous for his benefit.

It was part of Gill's own sentimentality to think that a necessary continence in bed gave him artistic liberation. It doesn't matter specially what it was: the point is that he entered into the rare and peculiar brotherhood of mystical and saintly creators who cause extreme annoyance to the middle class. Generally speaking, the new sect or coterie into which he escaped was as much disturbed by his arrival as the earlier fraternity was by his departure.

So I warn anyone against reading this book unless he has some intuitive sympathy for the artist's responsibilities and irresponsibilities, both. But to the happy person who can visualize Eric Gill something like a child bursting through a thicket of brambles, scratched and torn but with a tin bucket of blackberries and a face of triumph, this book is a Pilgrim's Progress. One look at any of his letter-designs, his drawings, his architecture, or his sculpture will show you that he was on what another mystic has called "The Northwest Spiral." If you think this a slightly feverish review I assure you it is uttered in simple understatement.

---

British citizens are now ordered to throw out their unwanted books which will be made into fresh pulp to allay the shortage. This will provide the raw material for the new books which will keep the publishers' trade from complete war-time stagnancy and give authorship its chance to continue. A cynic may observe that by throwing out our books we shall only be providing the pulp for more nonsensical scribblings—as it were, turning dust to dust and trash to trash.

—*Manchester Guardian Weekly*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Man from Emporia

*WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE: The Man from Emporia. By Everett Rich. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.* 1941. 374 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by C. McD. PUCKETTE

THIS biography is good enough to print in the *Emporia Gazette* —which is genuine praise. It is human, definite, and discriminating. Probably this story of his life comes to what William Allen White would wish to have written about him, although he saw, Mr. Rich says, only the first two chapters and made only one suggestion which the author forgot. But in these pages is the story of the small town editor without gloss. The reader comes to the end (and one is sure to go through to the end) with the conviction that no gloss is needed to make this life a real American document for our times.

Mr. White purchased (or borrowed) the *Emporia Gazette* in 1895. He promised to work hard at the editor's job. His editorial salutatory remarked that "the path of glory is barred hog tight for the man who does not labor while he waits." He labored, indeed, and his career covered the most amazing decades in our nation's development. The most interesting thread which runs through Mr. Rich's story is the evolution of the editor's political and social philosophy. When he began his editorship of the *Gazette,* straight Republicanism was a religion with him, and to bolt was heresy. To reread today the narrow and unsympathetic views which William Allen White held of the Cubans (and of all Latin Americans) in 1898 leaves one amazed. The comments of this booster for Kansas and local business often came straight out of the book of the chambers of commerce.

Mr. Rich perhaps makes too much of Mr. White's political and social regularity at this time, in this passage:

> Until 1901 and 1902 White's editorials had the flavor of those in mediums which make their appeal to the moronic mob. They were brash, cocksure, provincial, illiberal, and intolerant. White's point of view resembled the klansman's of the 1920's. Had the 100 per cent Americans flowered during the last five years of the nineteenth century, they would have found the Emporia editor a sympathetic listener. White was as narrow, nationalistic, and uncharitable as the average klansman. That such a man should so completely shed the mantle of his youth was little short of a miracle.

What was it that changed the small town editor from his intense localism to the position as spokesman in 1940 for those who believe that the United States should take its place and responsibilities as the foremost world power? Essentially it was the humanity of the man. That humanity showed

**William Allen White**

itself from the first in the way in which he discarded ordinary journalistic technique and jargon and made the *Gazette* the newspaper which reported the doings of Emporia's people in fresh and human style. Instead of becoming mummified by being wrapped in windings of old-line Republican platforms and principles, his love of human beings triumphed. It was fortunate for him—and the United States —that not many years after the popularity of his editorial, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" made him a national figure, Theodore Roosevelt entered public life. White followed him even to becoming a Bull Mooser—White, to whom a party bolt had been blasphemy.

The education of William Allen White is the theme of this book, and it tells a grand story for our times. He was big and understanding enough to grasp the fact that the humanity which merely makes us feel kindly toward the neighbors next door is not enough; and that a humanity which embraces all mankind is the vision for our world —which happens also (for Mr. White is still a hard-headed practical man) to be in the self-interest of our country.

Do not think that Mr. Rich preaches, or that his story is merely a tract for the Allies. This book is the life of an extraordinary and simple man shown convincingly against the background of the real American scene. The narrative is one which should be read by every newspaper man, because it is a good textbook in journalism. It is rich in United States history, for White came to be a figure in national councils, though he never accepted office. Most of all, Mr. Rich has told the unfolding of the mind and character of William Allen White. This reader is grateful that a job which deserved to be done has been done so well.

## Your Literary I. Q.

**By Howard Collins**

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Often it's a part of a quotation, especially if the name is the title of a book or play. Can you recall the sources of the titles listed below? (A similar quiz appeared in the Sept. 7, 1940 issue.) Allowing 5 points if you can name the author and the work from which the title is derived, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 12.

1. "Arms and the Man," by George Bernard Shaw.
2. "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," by Philip Barry.
3. "After Such Pleasures," by Dorothy Parker.
4. "Under the Greenwood Tree," by Thomas Hardy.
5. "One Increasing Purpose," by A. S. M. Hutchinson.
6. "Both Your Houses," by Maxwell Anderson.
7. "A Tangled Web," by L. M. Montgomery.
8. "In Abraham's Bosom," by Paul Greene.
9. "Out of the Night," by Jan Valtin.
10. "Those Barren Leaves," by Aldous Huxley.
11. "Of Thee I Sing," by George Kaufman.
12. "The Moving Finger," by Cortland Fitzsimmons.
13. "This England," by Mary Ellen Chase.
14. "Stranger Than Fiction," by Arthur Stringer.
15. "Alien Corn," by Sidney Howard.
16. "All Passion Spent," by Virginia Sackville-West.
17. "Twice Told Tales," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
18. "Glimpses of the Moon," by Edith Wharton.
19. "Cakes and Ale," by Somerset Maugham.
20. "The Heart is a Lonely Hunter," by Carson McCullers.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Prokosch . . .

*THE SKIES OF EUROPE. By Frederic Prokosch. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1941. 500 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

—From the jacket of "The Skies of Europe."

MR. PROKOSCH can lay unction to his soul for this book; if his greatest desire, as he has said, is to make "an approach to writing which exceeds national limitations, both in matter and mentality," he has done it in this novel. It is good romance, interesting as story, with lively incident and vivacious characters, but more than that it is a revealing and sensitive portrayal of Europe wracked by the clouds of impending war but wearing still some of the graciousness of a vanishing past. Mr. Prokosch is a writer of high intelligence whose perceptive and philosophical mind is deeply concerned with "the doubtful fate of human kind," and whose eager alertness to things of the spirit imbues him with a delicate appreciation of shifting moods and humors. He has, moreover, the journalist's flair for isolating and segregating events, and his habit of projecting the individual against the changing background of affairs. Of form, as ordinarily observed, his novel has little, for its story merely serves as excuse for the author to wander from place to place, and its personalities, animated, brilliant, and witty though they often are, are merely mouthpieces for Mr. Prokosch's views.

His hero, Philip, a young American returned in 1936 to the Europe he has known a few years earlier as schoolboy and youth, is an up-to-the-moment Childe Harold, journeying from country to country and registering his impressions, his emotions, and his experiences as he goes. In Paris, among his acquaintance of the Left Bank, he has met Saskia, lovely, wanton, and unpredictable mistress of a Russian artist who also becomes his friend, and between him and the girl springs up a warm intimacy. There is an idyll of happy, inconsequent days in Paris as Philip and Saskia roam through its streets and environs, then separation, reunion, again separation, and finally an end to search in Paris at long last. In between is the tale of Philip's travels, of the people and nations he sees, of the groundswell of hatred and enmity and ambition that is carrying Europe toward disaster, all of them seen through the sunset glow of a world about to plunge into darkness. Engaging though Mr. Prokosch's fictional story may be—and it has charm and interest—it is, however, neither Philip nor Saskia nor his pursuit of her which dominates the book, but Europe which is the true protagonist of the tale.

Paris, when communist doctrine was in the air but the old life still prevailed in cafes and studios, and the capital still gathered to it travelers from all the world; Munich, feeling already the restrictions of regimentation and fear but with something of the old *Gemütlichkeit* glowing beneath its caution; Austria, as yet untouched by the Nazi conqueror but shivering now and again with a premonitory chill; Spain in the poverty, the agony, the glory of Civil War; provincial France—these provide the background of Mr. Prokosch's book. There are admirably drawn episodes, such as the incident of the Munich pension and its guests at their Christmas celebration with its undertone of disaster; or the lusty interlude in Austria in which Philip for a time becomes immersed in the life of the countryside; or the tragic descriptions of war-ravaged Spain, and there is everywhere Mr. Prokosch's apprehension of the existence of cross-currents of feelings and trends.

The book is alive; its personalities, minor as well as major, are animated, vigorous, piquant, its towns and countryside have color and reality, and its atmosphere is surcharged with political electricity. And Mr. Prokosch writes a beautiful prose, shimmering, delicate, and yet precise. It invests his book with distinction as well as interest and makes it one that eminently repays the reading.

# Manners . . .

*A HOUSE FOR EMILY. Elizabeth Reeves. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.* 1941. 210 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

DELICATELY handled and capably written, this novel conveys that dreamlike sense of life slipping by that we sometimes feel when we look back upon our own lives and take stock of them. It is the story of an average American woman in an average city setting. The book gives no special feeling of locality; the author, perhaps, has tried to convey life generalized almost into a kind of fable. Emily is a woman who is engulfed by marriage and the bringing up of a family; when her children are grown, she must make a conscious readjustment to life and learn to stand alone. The story is tenuous, but Mrs. Reeves writes with some insight, and her people are not unreal.

It is, however, difficult to become interested in a book which is essentially negative and which never becomes strongly definite or conclusive. There is, strictly speaking, never any conflict for the heroine. She is simply pushed out into life like a fledgeling from the nest. The pattern is a shadow flung thinly over the stuff of the tale; it is not woven in, and cannot be clearly seen.

# Reeves . . .

*CONVENIENT SEASON. By David J. Manners. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.* 1941. 281 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. L. NATHAN

AUGUST seems indeed a convenient season to be reading this tale told by Mr. Manners. It is a romance in that word's most blissful sense, about love and temperament, about the good earth and summer, and the seasonable blending of these things. It is, besides, a charming story, in that the characters move with a good deal of freshness through the paces of their tangled love affairs. There are actually two of these; one happened a generation back and casts its troubled shadow over the present. Mr. Manners places his story against a Nova Scotia landscape, to which comes young Peter West in search of his mother's beloved homeplace.

It must be admitted that Peter West's emotional life, his love affair with Lilly, is always more convincing than his joyous embracing of the soil, a theme to which Mr. Manners gives almost equal prominence. Nova Scotia remains a ghostly backdrop, Peter a New York romantic with a hoe. This robs the story of some of its depth, without, however, really affecting its essential fabric of light, eager romanticism, or its warm summer mood.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
EDITORIAL BOARD
Henry Seidel Canby Amy Loveman
Harrison Smith
Norman Cousins
Executive Editor
William Rose Benét } Contributing
Elmer Davis } Editors
Harrison Smith
Publisher
Copyright, 1941, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

## REGIONALISM AND THE WRITER

THE frontier has disappeared but frontiers of custom and opinion still remain to be explored in the United States. Under the apparent monotony of American life lie a thousand divergences of habit and mind, preferences and prejudices, which differentiate the sections from one another and give color and diversity to the national pattern. Predilections and dislikes there are which range all the way from the consuming devotion of the South and the middle states to "coke," or the ubiquitous desire for salad with the soup which Mr. Bernard DeVoto once noted as a distinguishing mark of the trans-Mississippian West, to the opposition of Kansas to liquor, or of Minnesota or Idaho or Nebraska to entanglement in foreign wars.

No one in this year of strife abroad and defense preparations at home needs to be told that American opinion varies with geographical location, and varies as the predispositions of the sections and the force of their circumstances are conditioned by their distance from the seaboard. Interest in the progress of the European struggle or in the machinations of Japanese policy is no less intelligent in the central and southern United States than it is on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and no less emphatic in its disapproval, but it is less nervous, less immediate in its reaction to each new crisis, less absorbed by the daily shifts and changes of fortune. Despite training camps and British fliers and their quota of boys who have been called by the draft, the interior states feel the possibility of attack as a remoter contingency than those which face across the seas toward the battling nations. It may be no accident, then, but comparative serenity of mind which accounts for the fact that there is an accelerating stream of literature which has to do with the South, the Southwest, and the Middle West and that this literature, both fictional and factual, is an increasingly serious interpretation of conditions and the causes from which they have sprung.

There can, indeed, be no more useful function which the writers of the country can perform today than to portray their particular sections so that they may be understood by the rest of the nation. For while there must be few who can fear that foreign propaganda will work actual rebellion in the United States, there are many —a majority perhaps—who believe that in the event of war or a disastrous European peace it may effect disorganizing discord and internal strains of serious nature. The prejudices and animosities which lurk in every society are the food on which such propaganda must prey. Many of them are the result of ignorance and misunderstanding, and would lose their potentiality for trouble if they could be shorn of false implications. The intelligent writer, who has knowledge of conditions, dispassionateness in analyzing them, the skill to present them effectively, and understanding of the problems of the day, can do much to cut the ground from under the feet of mischief makers. Whether he does it in the form of fiction or factual narrative makes little difference. The important thing is that he understands the conditions he describes, realizes their bearings on the general welfare, and by bringing them out in their true significance robs them of their power for evil. If in addition to earnestness he has the creative imagination and the gift of style he may produce literature as well as intellectual armor for his country.

A. L.

# The Apprentice Lobsterman

**By Robert P. Tristam Coffin**

THE room was cold, the fire was black out
In the barrel stove, but there was fire
In the big man bending the spruce bows
To heat him and the boy built out of wire.

The boy fed laths into the man's wide hands,
The man spat out bright nails between his hums
And drove them in with one hard hatchet blow,
It was so dark, his eyes were in his thumbs.

Outside the open door, the steel March sky
Had light still on it, and across the light
An arrow of dark geese slid fiercely south
And left wild sounds between the day and night.

The snow still showed in patches by the door,
With yellow signatures of the man and boy,
This was a house where women did not come
To sweep the shavings up or dull the joy.

The room was hung with rope and smelled of tar,
The thorny skeletons of lobster claws
Crackled there, the boy initiate
Was learning silence and the old male laws.

He held his breath and watched the lobster trap
Take shape, the house all windows and no door,
With windowy stairways fashioned to tempt in
The cold dark creatures on the ocean floor.

The boy would be a man tomorrow, so
He drank the man in deep, and every motion
Became a part of him, new suns would see
This grace and strength out swinging on the ocean.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Poetry and Clarity

SIR:—Do I wrongly imagine that there was a connection between Mr. Ralph W. Holmes's letter in the issue of July 26 and the publication on the opposite page of Katherine Garrison Chapin's excellent poem, "For a British Flyer"?

This poem possesses the very virtues of form and clarity which were lacking in the poem criticized so plaintively by Mr. Holmes, "Slow Movement (1941)". Although these two poets saw eye-to-eye in their choice of subject and even, to a degree, in their choice of verse form, there is an amazing difference in their artistic productions. One poem is, by dint of adroitly omitted punctuation and capitalization and negligence in grammatical construction, the work of an obscurantist. The other poem, while equally modern in spirit, is conventional in its grammar, and makes sense even to chuckleheads like Mr. Holmes and me.

ANNE K. BEHRENS.

Washington, D. C.

### W. D. Howells and Clarity

SIR:—Your readers—especially young poets of the obscurist school—may be interested in the following letter which turned up among my papers. W. D. Howells, the writer, was then at the height of his importance as Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*; John Vance Cheney evidently just beginning his career.

Editorial Office of
*The Atlantic Monthly*
Cambridge, Mass.

Bethlehem, Pa.
March 27, 1875

My Dear Sir:

Your letters have followed me on a little vacation I'm taking.

I didn't understand *Hilda* [?—this word not very clearly written]* very well, but I *liked* it a good deal; I am sorry that I neither comprehend *nor* like these poems. Why need you, who are obviously a poet, take to conundrums in this way?

Very truly yours,
W. D. Howells

Mr. Cheney.

*This comment inside the brackets is mine, of course; not part of the letter. FOREST H. COOKE.

### Information, Please

SIR:—Could one of your readers provide me some information on the origin of this little ditty:

"Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose."

STANLEY SAFIAN.

99 Florida Street,
Long Beach, N. Y.

### "O. K."

SIR:—Anent your controversy on the origins of "O.K." I wonder whether the historians are acquainted with the fact that the Finnish word for "correct is "oikea." All explanations of "O.K." are circuitous; this one is almost a direct hit and not out of the question, I claim, when one considers the fact that the first Finns settled in America three hundred years ago.

EDITH WIRT.

Cleveland, Ohio

### Collins vs. Dickens

SIR:—I enclose answers to Your Literary I.Q. of July 19, which are 100 per cent correct, and I regret to say that your printed answers are not. The first name of Captain Cuttle was Edward, not Daniel. I gave Jane Murdstone instead of Edward; either is correct. So credit is due me for this perfection, as I was practically born with a book of Dickens in each hand.

LOUISE S. WATERBURY.

Camden, Maine

### The Pagopago Puzzle

SIR:—It is with increasing astonishment that I have read the correspondence regarding Somerset Maugham's "Miss Thompson." The whole point has been missed by your critics, who are evidently strong in literature but weak in geography. The awful truth is this: Pagopago is not an island! I thought it was on Samoa, but I find that Samoa is not an island either, but a group of islands. However, Samoa was a good guess because even the encyclopedia says that R.L.S. is buried on Samoa, whereas his tomb is actually on Upolu, one of the Western Samoan Islands. But to return to Pagopago. It is, according to the Columbia Encyclopedia, "town and harbor on Tutuila isl., American Samoa, ceded to the United States as a naval and coaling station in 1872."

Of course the Columbia Encyclopedia is not infallible for it spells Trelawny's name *ey, but it hardly seems possible that it could create an island. . . .

ELIZABETH BAUMGARTEN.

Moha, British Columbia

SIR:—That Pagopago is not an island is definitely news to me. Probably what made me think it was one is this excerpt from Newman Levy's "Theatre Guyed":

On the isle of Pago Pago, land of palm trees, rice and sago,
Where the Chinaman and Dago dwell with natives dusky hued,
Lived a dissolute and shady, bold adventuress named Sadie,
Sadie Thompson was the lady, and the life she lived was lewd.

While we're on the subject, I'd like to put on record the fact that while the story when first published was entitled "Miss Thompson," it is now known as "Rain." It is so listed in the Firkins Index to Short Stories. The Doubleday-Doran 1934 edition of "The Trembling of a Leaf" lists the story as "Rain." So does the Pocketbook of Short Stories. And so does the Sun Dial Press 1941 edition of "The Favorite Short Stories of Somerset Maugham." And in the preface to that edition Mr. Maugham himself refers to the story as "Rain."

HOWARD COLLINS.

Monroe, Mich.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# So. American Junket

*SALUD! A SOUTH AMERICAN JOURNAL. By Margaret Culkin Banning. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1941. 372 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by KATHERINE RODELL

MRS. BANNING and her daughter made a six-week trip to South America in January and February of this year, and Mrs. Banning has written a diary of their journey. They went down the West coast and up the East, stopping at most of the capital cities, meeting most of the U. S. Ambassadors, most of the heads of big American businesses, and a handful of South Americans. Mrs. Banning states the purpose of her trip thus: "I wanted to find out what I could about political conditions, and . . . to find out something of the status of women."

Mrs. Banning scoffs at the idea that "in so short a time you can't really learn anything or have anything true to report." She is right, of course. She knows now what travel over the important routes in South America is like; what kind of accommodations you get in the best hotels in the various capitals; what kind of people stroll along the Calle Florida in Buenos Aires.

She knows, too, what the people she met think about South American and international politics. That these people were largely members of the U. S. diplomatic, naval, and military missions gives their observations a far more limited value than Mrs. Banning indicates. Thus, when she says of such a group in Peru: "These people are all pro-Ally," it is hardly news, for the members of the U. S. foreign service must of course support the Administration's foreign policy. But in noting this fact, Mrs. Banning gives the impression that *everyone* in Peru is solidly behind President Roosevelt. I hope they are; but I doubt that Mrs. Banning is qualified to say so.

It is not so much that Mrs. Banning's comments on politics, economics, and social conditions are false as that they are incomplete; the picture she paints lacks both depth and perspective. For example, in her chapter on the Catholic Church, she does not once point out that in most South American countries, Church and State are not separated. She does not seem to see the connection between the Church's hold over education and the appalling amount of illiteracy; she does not appear to realize what the Church's support of Hitler's Spanish puppet, Francisco Franco, means in terms of Nazi propaganda and political penetration. Mrs. Banning seems unaware that there is a land problem in South America, and that the question of infant mortality is inextricably tied up with the fact that three-fourths of the people on the South American continent are mere agricultural serfs. And while she romanticizes the "sense of not quite belonging" which characterizes the various colonies of U. S. citizens in the South American capitals, she does not appreciate that such unwillingness or inability to enter into South American life gives the lie to our State Department's rhetoric about American cultural unity.

There are a few real howlers, which more time and study—or even more travel—might have saved Mrs. Banning. She didn't go to Bolivia or Paraguay or Uruguay—which may explain why she twice speaks of the war between Bolivia and Uruguay when she means the Chaco War between Bolivia and Paraguay. And Haya de la Torre, the Peruvian of Spanish descent who heads the Apra political party, is spoken of as "the radical Indian of Chile." Suppose a South American, writing of the United States, had referred to John L. Lewis as a Texan Negro!

I sincerely hope that Mrs. Banning's book may inspire some of her readers to visit South Amerca themselves—which would be all to the good. But I cannot help hoping too that, for the sake of better inter-American understanding, those readers will leave her book both physically and mentally behind, and perhaps stay a little longer and dig a little deeper than did Mrs. Banning in the course of her six-week junket.

***Variety's* "Sime"**

# "Sime" Biog So-So

*LORD BROADWAY: Variety's "Sime"—The Man Who Made The Gay White Way Gayer. By Dayton Stoddart. New York: Wilfred Funk, Inc.* 385 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS GREENFIELD

THE lads and lassies in and around the Broadway jungle and the sun-kissed macadam at Hollywood and Vine, are going to cough up many a laugh, jerk a tear, here and there, over Dayton Stoddart's so-so biog. of "Sime," *Variety's* founder, adviser, and father-confessor to the big and little Hams that cluttered up the entertainment arena when Cecil B. DeMille thought a bathtub was something an honest guy would use on Saturday night.

The opening act of the tome gives out with Sime sewing buttons in *Pere* Silverman's factory in Syracuse and the migration of the family to New York where the old gent caromed into the money-lending biz with son Sime handling the ledgers and taking in the variety shows and the honky-tonks on his off time. It's a pretty, homey picture of wholesome family life. When Sime grew up and married the redhead from Syracuse, Hattie Freeman, he propositioned *Pere* Silverman to take him in as a partner or else. Sime got the "or else" signal and with a two and one-half Grand stake, borrowed from Hattie's alderman father, the first issue of *Variety* blew into the wintry dawn of Broadway on Dec. 16, 1905.

From there on comes *beaucoup* fun. The battle for the actors, the terrific catch-as-catch can with the potent Albee interests. Elusive Sime eluding the sheriff. But the rag came out each week and what is more began to grip the imagination of the boys and girls in the show biz.

When success and big dough crowned the efforts of the founder, Stoddart gives you a rollicking picture of Sime with a fistful of lettuce, making the rounds of bistros and always insisting on lifting the tab. For Sime was a powerful liver. He drank and ate heavily. He was a strong, vigorous gent. He was kind and faithful. The typewriter pounders who got the sheet out for him revered and loved him. For he was their kind of "right" guy.

There's lots of Broadway and theatrical history between the adventures and exploits of Sime that makes the tome, as a whole, a fairly amusing job. The Mazda and Kleig light folks should go for it.

And what is more say a little prayer for the guy who helped make the heavy sugar and their top billing possible.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Ophelia Against Her Critics

JOHN CORBIN

IT was once the privilege of a young researcher to take tea in the British Museum with that tireless and devoted if somewhat explosive Shakespearean, F. J. Furnivall. "Why couldn't the man edit his own works," he broke out, "instead of saddling us with this infinite labor of groping in the dark! There are times when one itches to back him into a corner and punch his bald head from him!" In later years, a question has arisen whether Shakespeare, if he could see the havoc wrought upon stage productions by the editors' text, would be so easily backed about.

The chief difficulty has sprung from those specifications of locality which they insert at the head of each scene: "The Palace" and "Another Room in the Palace"; "The Forest" and "Another Part of the Forest." In the entire range of Quartos and Folios, there is not one such specification. Nor do they in the least suggest the actual intent of Shakespeare's stagecraft or the nature of his imaginative conception. Until well within modern memory, the attempt of producers to present those localities to the eye resulted in a cutting of the text and a transposition of scenes, a mangling and distortion of the dramatic structure, which is inconceivable to those who have not witnessed it. Since the disastrous production of "Anthony and Cleopatra" at The New Theatre in 1910 and the almost equally disastrous Warfield-Belasco production of "The Merchant of Venice" in 1922 there has been a fortunate abatement of the rage for scene painting and stage carpentry. It would be too much to say that modern producers have quite solved the problem of scenic productions. Certain plays, notably "The Tempest" and "Macbeth," present insuperable problems; nor can the longer plays be "scenically" produced without severe cutting. But in the shorter plays a moderate and simple use of scenery detracts little or nothing from the effect. Maurice Evans's "Richard II" and his "Twelfth Night," with Helen Hayes, deeply delighted thousands who would doubtless have shunned them if given on a bare stage.

A curious fact remains and of late has taken on extraordinary importance. Though the specifications of locality have largely ceased to mislead producers, they continue to distract and befuddle the editors themselves, leading to errors seemingly as remote from the textual criticism as a heroine's chastity and a hero's faith in his beloved.

For three hundred years, both within and without the theatre, the world accepted Ophelia as a rather amiable and sympathetic young person, quite worthy of Hamlet's love. Critics of the first order—Coleridge, Goethe, Thomas Campbell, Hazlitt, Mrs. Jameson—were eloquent in her praise. But of late the most scandalous charges have been urged against her. The admirable Dowden began it, declaring in effect that she was a little liar. Now Shakespeare's heroines were not of the scientific habit in verbal accuracy, as witness Desdemona and her handkerchief. But this time the sin must be laid upon the editors.

JUST before the great soliloquy, it will be remembered, the King and Polonius have plotted an encounter between Hamlet and Ophelia, themselves being hidden behind the arras—"lawful espials." The purpose is to discover the cause of the Prince's madness. Only the King suspects that it is feigned. The Queen-mother affectionately hopes to cure it—that Ophelia's "virtues

> Will bring him to his wonted way again.

It goes without saying that Ophelia hopes so too. To her the little plot is innocent, beneficent. Moreover, she owes a duty of obedience to her father and to her King. At the end of the soliloquy Hamlet sees her enter, carrying the book of "devotion" which Polonius has laid in her hand; and he says:

> Soft you now!
> The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
> Be all my sins remember'd.

They are lovely lines, a continuation of his mood in the soliloquy. But presently he becomes aware that someone is eavesdropping, probably sees the wiseacre face of Polonius peering from behind the arras. To protect himself he turns to rallying Ophelia in his vein of pretended madness. In full verbal career he breaks off and asks, "Where's your father?" She answers "At home, my lord"—as Dowden puts it, "coming out with her docile little lie."

Now just where was Polonius's home? In each of the two preceding acts where there is a scene which, as editors have always assured us, takes place in "A Room in the House of Polonius." Thus Polonius lives at some distance from the present scene of "A Room in the Castle." It is this liberality in giving him a house that, in the eyes of modern Shakespeareans, has

**When Hollywood set the stage for Mr. Shakespeare: Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, and Reginald Denny in the screen version of "Romeo and Juliet."**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ruined the character of the fair Ophelia.

I am aware, rather painfully so, of the eminence of the critics whose verdict I am bringing to book. Professor Joseph Quincy Adams and Professor Dover Wilson have made invaluable contributions to our knowledge of the plays. Mr. Harley Granville-Barker brings to their interpretation a lifelong and most distinguished experience alike as actor, playwright, and Shakespearean producer. But in some measure I am sustained by the fact that what I urge is no mere personal opinion but the very words of Ophelia and Queen Gertrude, together with Quarto-Folio texts and undisputed truths as to Shakespeare's stage.

"With the innocent look of a child," Professor Adams declares, she answers: 'At home, my lord.' Ophelia knows that is a lie; and Hamlet knows it is a lie. Further he knows that it was deliberately told in order to deceive him and *protect his enemies.*" The italics are Professor Adams's. Mr. Granville-Barker declares that "her clumsy, fearful lie . . . shatters her credit with him." Worse follows. "It is the second such wound. The first ranked his mother an adultress; and the poison of it infected all womanhood for him. But he has let himself still believe in this seeming innocence; and now it proves in its own fashion as false"—as false as adultery. Professor Dover Wilson embroiders on this theme. In Elizabethan slang *fishmonger* meant a bawd and *nunnery* a house of prostitution. Thus when Hamlet pretends to mistake Polonius for a fishmonger he is really accusing him of being a procurer for his daughter. The old man himself speaks of *loosing* Ophelia to Hamlet, a word which stockbreeders still use with regard to mating their cows. And when Hamlet bids Ophelia "To a nunnery go!" he concludes his tirade "by coming very near to calling Ophelia a prostitute to her face."

It must be objected that the slang meaning of *fishmonger* was rare even under Elizabeth, and that the normal and usual sense suffices to make any audience sufficiently hilarious. And, then as now, one might *loose* a daughter (or a cow or a dog) to any purpose. Hitherto Polonius has been a notably watchful parent, forbidding Ophelia to have *any* "words or talk with the Lord Hamlet." To what end should he now prostitute her? What he looses her from is the severity of his previous injunction, and his motive is clear as day.

The crux of the difficulty is a little lie not of Ophelia's but of localizing editors who endow the Polonius family with a separate residence. How far Shakespeare thought of his scenes in concrete terms of the stage is a difficult question, to be solved at best by reckoning what "properties" and "set pieces" were requisite for the auction—Prospero's cave, the Witches' cauldron in "Macbeth," the orchard of the Capulets. In many instances the stage was merely the stage, localities being sufficiently indicated by words spoken. That that is the case here is shown by a vast predonderance of evidence.

THE only evidence to the contrary is that when Ophelia replies, "At home, my lord," Hamlet retorts, "Let the doors be shut on him that he may play the fool nowhere but *in's own house.*" According to immemorial stage tradition, Polonius's gullible peering face is visible to the audience and registers shock. The retort is a verbal slapstick, precisely in the vein of "Excellent well. You are a fishmonger," and it raises a similar laugh. If we take it seriously as evidence that Polonius had a house we must do likewise with evidence that (there being no Mrs. Polonius) he lived in the Castle. And here we find no play of comedic extravagance but rather a consistent conception as to the Polonius residence.

When Ophelia is loosed to Hamlet she is bidden "Walk you here"—thus having an exit-entrance, an off-again-on-again commission unknown to the editors but not uncommon on the old stage. This is clearly indicated by the stage directions of both Quarto and Folio, which give her no exit and no re-entrance. After the few moments requisite for Hamlet's soliloquy she is on again, bearing the "rich gifts" which her father's injunction and Hamlet's estrangement from her have made it necessary to return. Surely she could not have been wearing them; nor is it likely that she treasured in her bosom objects the associations of which were so painful. If Shakespeare thought of such things at all, which is by no means certain, he thought that Ophelia, loosed from her father's injunction, seized the opportunity to return them and fetched them from her boudoir near by. Likewise when Ophelia goes mad it cannot be "At the House of Polonius." She could scarcely have run through the streets bedecked with flowers and "distracted," into the Castle and to the very door of King and Queen. Still less is it possible that, when her sore distraction had become so painfully known, she should repeat this peregrination, as she must have done on the subsequent occasion of her drowning; for, manifestly, she drowns in a water-garden near "The Castle." The sad news is brought in by the Queen who speaks as an eyewitness. Everywhere the two families appear as living in the most intimate association.

What then remains of Ophelia's lie, of her weak docility, her moral frailty, her treachery to Hamlet? If one insists upon the specific locality (as Shakespeare seldom did), Polonius *is* at home. But the all-sufficient fact dramatically (of which Shakespeare was seldom unmindful) is that the most resolute woman in her situation, the purest and most loyal, could not and would not unmask her father and her King. Their ostensible purpose, and her own sincerest wish, was to soothe Hamlet's distraction, and unmasking the little plot could only intensify it. She is protecting Hamlet as well as "his enemies"—whom she does not know to be such. The common sense of the situation, which audiences do not fail to grasp, is that she evades an impossible question with the nearest possible approach to the truth, which at worst is the whitest of lies —and is the literal truth if one insists on those localities. In the family Polonius there was at least one diplomat.

As for Hamlet, why should he jump to the conclusion that Ophelia is in the plot against him, or even aware that Polonius is eavesdropping? So far as he knows, her entrance with the rich gifts has no connection with their hiding. A poor and craven lover, this, who convicts her on the flimsiest surmise, berates her and flouts her and ends by cruelly casting her from him.

Ophelia's aplomb in that answer, "At home, my lord," is no solitary instance. When Laertes warns her against frailties of the flesh she bespeaks all maidenly modesty and obedience, yet turns the tables on him neatly enough.

> I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep

## ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Virgil: "Aeneid."
2. Shakespeare: "Macbeth."
3. John Donne: "Farewell to Love."
4. Shakespeare: "As You Like It."
5. Tennyson: "Locksley Hall."
6. Shakespeare: "Romeo and Juliet."
7. Scott: "Marmion."
8. Luke xvi., 20.
9. Henley: "Invictus."
10. Wordsworth: "The Tables Turned."
11. Samuel Smith: "America."
12. Fitzgerald: "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."
13. Shakespeare: "Richard II."
14. Byron: "Don Juan."
15. Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale."
16. Milton: "Samson Agonistes."
17. Shakespeare: "King John."
18. Shakespeare: "Hamlet."
19. Shakespeare: "Twelfth Night."
20. Fiona Macleod: "The Lonely Hunter."



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede.

That ends the sad dog's moralizing. Ophelia is a creature of both modesty and a quiet sense of humor. How else could Hamlet love her? How else could anyone sympathize with him, love him as all the generations do?

IN this critics' traducing of Ophelia there is, or so it appears, an ulterior motive. In the Nunnery scene and in the subsequent scene of his Mousetrap play Hamlet flouts her father and speaks to her with a harshness, a positive cruelty and indeed a ribaldry, which not even his need of pretending madness justifies to modern sensibilities—at least from the point of view of the editorial arm-chair. And this is the most modern of Shakespeare's gentlemen! In all the range of the plays there is nothing so difficult to reconcile with the *prima facie* truth of a character—of Hamlet, elsewhere the paragon of prince and gentleman. Consciously or unconsciously, critics whose labors elsewhere have placed the world deep in their debt smear Ophelia in order to whitewash Hamlet. She must be guilty to deserve such pain!

Not all modern critics, to be sure, agree with their verdict, notably Professor Elmer Edgar Stoll, whose judgment in general is distinguished alike by common sense and profound artistic perception. But instead of facing the difficulty he sidesteps it. "On the colloquy with Ophelia," he says, "we cannot dwell. . . . The Prince's unconcern for the maiden's filial feelings is a negative matter, to which our attention is not called." It is true that Shakespeare does not call our attention to it. Nor do audiences feel the need of explanation. But the same can not be said of Professor Stoll's most distinguished fellows.

Esoterically considered, the problem of that colloquy is indeed baffling; but, fortunately, we have nothing to do with it here. One war at a time! Enough of odium will be achieved in pointing out that, by inserting those scenic localities, two centuries of editor-critics have muddied their own waters. Or is it possible that we have only to gain a clear view of Shakespeare's theatric thought and intent in order to pluck out the heart of the Hamlet mystery?

*John Corbin is the author of "A New Portrait of Shakespeare."*

# Paris Diary

*A WOMAN IS WITNESS. A Paris Diary. By Ernst Lothar. Translated by Barrows Mussey. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1941. 304 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KLAUS LAMBRECHT

IT is with certain misgivings that one sits down to read this book. During the past year or so there have been so many novels based on the European events which gave us a rather melodramatic conception of Nazi invasions, Gestapo activities, refugee life, concentration camps, and escape, that by now one has become slightly allergic to this sort of thing. Moreover, the core of this book is a diary, supposedly kept by a young Viennese girl from the time she fled to Paris in April, 1938 till shortly after the German occupation of France. This diary, so the publishers assert, is authentic, and one is inclined to be somewhat sceptical about that, too. The apprenhension proves to be quite unsubstantial, however, because of all the fiction which the European chaos has produced so far, this novel ranks among the best.

Perhaps the most important factor in the book, much more significant than the story itself which is simple enough, is the atmosphere that it conveys—the air that was weighing upon the cities of Europe for months before the war started, portentous and heavy with forebodings, haunting and paralyzing the people's lives, even creeping into their dreams. It is also the disturbing element in the life of Franzi Langer, as she calls herself, the writer of the diary, who is in love with a French politically-minded journalist. She lives with him through the critical months before Munich, the agonizing days of his mobilization, and is granted a short respite of happiness after the ominous "peace for our time" has been signed. She witnesses the humiliating ceremony of his divorce; she marries him and bears his child. The outbreak of the war sends him to the front and during the break-through of the Germans he is wounded. He dies in the American Hospital at Neuilly where his wife is a nurse. And two months after the German occupation of Paris —two months among strutting Nazi officers and shamefully indifferent Frenchmen—she is court-martialed and sentenced to death for the killing of a Gestapo agent who came to arrest her father. It is not a heroic deed, as it could easily have been depicted, but simply the logical consequence of a life that has become empty and meaningless.

On the surface, this may seem like a very personal story, but it is much more. It is the story of a period within our epoch, a period of anxiety and persistent fear, in which the only hope, sadly enough, was the hope for war. It is, therefore, quite irrelevant whether the diary is really authentic or not. Mr. Lothar is a skilful and experienced writer and probably knew that he could not have succeeded any better if he had chosen a more responsible form of novel. The diary sets certain limitations and relieves the author from the obligation of digging deeper into problems that are clearly beyond the diarist's range of mind. But within these limits he manages to say more, and to say it more effectively, than many others who make much greater pretensions.

**SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 385)**

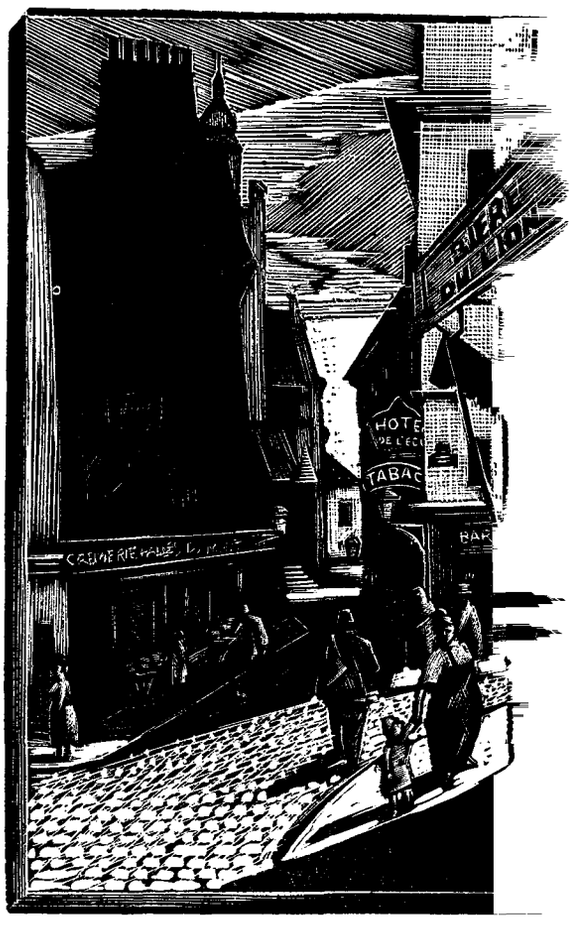
LOCKE:

*ON HUMAN UNDERSTANDING*

He who has raised himself above the alms-basket, and, not content to live largely on scraps of begged opinions, sets his own thought on work to find and follow truth, will (whatever he lights on) not miss the hunter's satisfaction.

*Epistle to the Reader.

*"Paris Street Scene," from "A Wanderer in Woodcuts."*



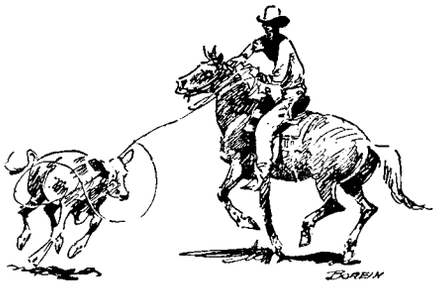



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Career in A Cattle Kingdom

*NO LIFE FOR A LADY. By Agnes Morley Cleaveland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.* 1941. 356 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FAIRFAX DOWNEY



—*Line drawing from the book.*

THEY were alone at night in her New Mexico ranch house—Miss Agnes and the strange cowman who had stopped by in an attempt to persuade her to lease some of her pasture land. She was refusing since she needed it for her own horses, when the stranger left his chair and seated himself beside her on the cot. He reached over and ran a cupped hand along the girl's braided hair.

"Yore hiar'd make a dandy cinch," he said.

There was no help within miles, so far as the girl knew. She must depend on herself. She answered the man's remark casually, rose, crossed to a sidetable, picked up her .32 calibre revolver, thrust it in her belt, and returned to her place beside him. . . . . .

Did the sharp crack of a revolver ring out or did loyal cowboys or U. S. Cavalry ride up to the rescue? This reviewer will never let on. You'll have to read the book, and it is worth reading. For it contains such stuff, such source material, as good Westerns, fiction or movies, are made of, this authentic story of a girlhood and a womanhood on a New Mexico cattle ranch beginning in the '80's and running through the transitions of the twentieth century.

Do moderns, adults or children, still listen to an old-timer's tales? Probably far more seldom than in the past. Both narrator and auditors must be in the mood. There is apt to be too much else doing at the moment. The yarn-spinner of today has other more facile mediums—the radio and the movies, for instance. But when the yarns are between the covers of a book, that's a different matter. Then moods and conveniences may be suited. The story need only be well told and deal with an interesting subject and period. This one qualifies on both counts.

A Quaker schoolmistress read Agnes Morley's first theme and declared: "Thee expresses thyself well, my child. Be careful that thee does not let thy imagination run away with thee." Mrs. Cleaveland followed that advice. A fine horsewoman, she has evidently reined in Pegasus as she did many a raw mount on the range.

Perhaps the author's career in a cattle kingdom was "no life for a lady." But at the time it was envied vastly by girls she met at school in the East, and such an existence—or a pale reproduction thereof—is no less coveted by many a "lady" today. Hence dude ranches.

Horses gallop over almost every page of this book. They were Miss Agnes's life and she loved them, as testified by her daring rescue of her favorite mount, Gray Dick, from a tough and surly sheriff. For ten years she clung to the proprieties and rode a sidesaddle. Gradually her custom and costume evolved. Boldly she shed a sunbonnet for a five-gallon hat, donned blue denim knickers worn under a short blue denim skirt, and by the middle '90's was astride a man's saddle in a divided skirt.

She accomplished feats of endurance at the all-night dances when the few women were whirled and sashayed to a frazzle by eager and energetic cowboys (while back East wallflowers pined). She took fool chances in dangerous bear hunts. One night she sat in an all-night poker game with two men who had dropped in at the ranch house. Her winnings were considerably more than the 20 cents she raked in at the end, for by the entertainment she had diverted the visitors from their intention of rustling her cattle.

Family portraits are well drawn. An able father, dying tragically from an accidental gunshot. A mother, courageous but confused and coming to lean more and more on her young children. A football-star, cattle-king brother. Perhaps the book may be criticized for over-reticence, as in the mother's unfortunate second marriage.

It's a bit sad toward the last. The range is fenced, the homesteaders flood in, and the cattle empire disappears along with the good, old days. Inevitable evolution might be accepted more calmly by the author and many another of us if it did not lead to such a state of affairs as seventy per cent of the county on relief.

Today Mrs. Cleaveland lives in California with a husband and grown-up children. The blurb says she can still twirl a mean lariat and play a ten-cent harmonica to a farethewell. In return for a nice review she might pass on word where you can get a decent ten-cent harmonica nowadays.

The pen-and-ink head and tailpieces by Edward Borein are grand.

## RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(*Continued from page* 4)

of his father, Debendranath Tagore. On the other hand, he associated with his cousins, brothers, and sisters, who professed the agnosticism of Mill and Bentham.

When young Rabindranath reached manhood, he soon realized that the denationalizing and demoralizing influence of the alien authority was sweeping over the peninsula. Parrotry of the mechanistic ideas of the West had replaced original thought in the minds of the leaders of public opinion. The idealistic view of life was held as outmoded.

He saw that a well-balanced combination of those two intangibilities, Eastern idealism and Western realism, was the solution of the problem. But he also knew that unity between the two outlooks could not be effected as long as the master-and-slave feeling existed. Consequently Tagore set out to make India proud of her heritage. His poems became pregnant with traditional thought and imagery. His plays highlighted the buffooneries of the imitators of the ruling class. In his lectures he expounded the wisdom of Hindu scriptures. On all sides, he essayed to reinstate India's past glory.

The exquisite beauty of Rabindranath's prose and verse, and the profound philosophy underlying all his writings, caught the imagination of the people. As a result, there dawned what may be described as the Tagore Age in India's literature. For the last forty years, Tagore's has been the most decisive influence, not only in the literature of his own province of Bengal, but throughout central and northern India. Literature as different as that in the Hindi, Gujarati, Marathi, and Urdu languages developed the lyric style of Tagore—so much so that it became a sure pitfall in the path of the rising poets all over the nation. Since Kalidasa, the greatest Sanskrit poet who flourished in the third century of the Christian era, Tagore has been the first national poet in the truest sense of the term. While 18,000 lines are credited to Milton, Tagore wrote more than 105,000 lines of verse. His songs number from 1,300 to 1,400. Some of India's best novels and hundreds of short stories add to the long list of his writings. While his philosophical treatises and essays on art



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and literature lie on the library tables of the so-called intelligentsia, his fictional writings have also swayed the masses of his countrymen. Unschooled peasants have a great store of his songs on the tips of their tongues. And when the moon is high overhead, the people of the small towns often perform his historical plays in the streets for the free enjoyment of the entire community.

KEEPING in the tradition of the great teachers of the past, the man of letters became a man of action as a further step toward his goal of first reviving the ancient culture of India and, secondly, of seeking a higher unity between India's tradition and Western science. In 1901, he started an educational project on his father's estate about a hundred miles from Calcutta. Apart from his writings, this is the most precious gift he has left behind.

Away from the bruit of the metropolis, yet within its easy accessibility, he built thatched huts for the handful of teachers and students who were caught by the inspiration behind the idea. The whole theme was much like the one symbolized in Henry Thoreau's "Walden." Tagore established his school in the name of *santam* (peace), *sivam* (good) and *advaitam* (union). He also struck two fundamental notes for his *ashram*: "One of the universe, the other of the soul of man. This shrine is situated at the confluence of the streams of these two notes."

Meditation is natural at this place. Often I have sat there long before the daybreak, before the *Ashram* choir was out to welcome the sun with its music, and mingled with the serene peace that surrounded me. The morning star glimmered down through the foliage at me, a tiny speck of human flesh seated on stone. The synthetic process of mind that naturally flowed there amid the speaking silence of the forest and under the open sky had disappeared in the fast-moving life of Manhattan.

Such were the very ideals of Tagore when he chose the site for his school. The forest, according to him, unlike the desert, or rock, or sea, is living. About one hundred miles from the metropolis, the poet believed Santiniketan, or the Abode of Peace, gave its students a perspective on life which would be impossible in the city.

It is plausible that Tagore's selection of the forest retreat for his school was one of the first evidences of a behavior pattern that gradually made the people of India identify him in their minds with the *Gurus* of the past. These master teachers of ancient Aryavarta were all forest-dwellers. Their usual abodes were either on some shady spot on the Ganges or on the bank of a lake in the Himalayas. Under the shadow of the banyan tree, encircled by the murmuring bamboo jungles, they lit their sacrificial fires. Around them were their wives, their children, and their pupils. The latter were the flower of Indian youth—heirs to thrones, sons of Bania bankers, Brahmin boys, and future generals. Under the watchful eyes of the *Gurus,* these students grew in sympathy with all creation. They communed with the soil under their plows, with the cows that they shepherded in surrounding pastures, with the rabbits and deer that came to their hut for feeding. The birds nesting in thatched huts were their singing companions. The rivers that were stirred by their eel-like splashings, as they took their morning baths, had great messages for them. Communion with nature was the first step toward communion with life's fundamental problems, and direct contact with the *Guru's* life was the main part of a youth's education in the forest school.

PUPILS at Shantiniketan commit scores of Tagore's melodious songs to memory without any conscious effort on their part. They learn the tunes from the morning rounds of the *ashram* choir which awakens the community with the poet's music. They pick up the tempo from evening dances. The great store of Tagore's songs, often deep in philosophy and always in charming style, furnish the students with an unique background on things and personalities around them. They also develop a proper perspective for life. It was this privilege of living in the consciousness of the great poet and looking at the world through the philosopher's eyes that distinguished Santiniketan from modern schools in India. It was the same feature that distinguished *Gurukulas* of the past.

There is the legend that once he was reading to his students the Bengali version of his "Religion of Man," the lectures he delivered at Oxford. The room suddenly grew dark with an approaching summer storm. Thunder cracked very low over the building. Rain began to beat upon the windows. The poet rose from his chair and hurried from the room, shouting, "The master calls me!" The next morning they learned that he had written his famous thunder-storm poem.

Then there is the story of a rehearsal when everything went wrong. The pupils were practising dancing for one of Tagore's plays to be produced in Calcutta as a part of the spring festival. The poet himself was coaching the dancing and acting from an easy chair. Someone failed to follow the music. Exasperated out of his usual composure, Tagore, then already more than seventy, left his chair and began to execute the dance as he would have it done. Only the intervention of his daughter, Mira, who feared that he might collapse from the unwonted exertion, interrupted his demonstration of how to express the soul of that dance.

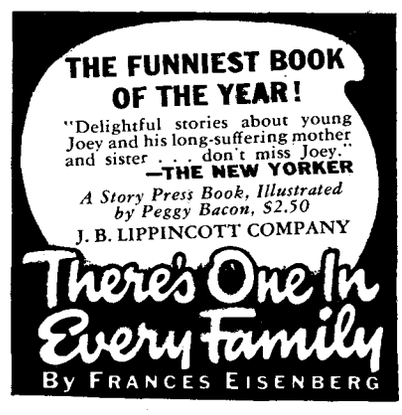
Then there is the tale of an afternoon when he suddenly stopped reading a lesson to his class and exclaimed, "Do you know, even a poet requires some rice once in a while?"

The entire life of Santiniketan was centered around the versatile personality of Tagore. In spite of the great scholars and artists who took Tagore's Abode of Peace as their own permanent residence, Santiniketan was essentially a one-man university. So were the *Gurukulas* of ancient India. Tagore's forest retreat, like a school of ancient India, offers a sharp contrast to highly organized modern universities. It is the difference between personality and organization.

It is in the broken line of *Gurus* in their *Gurukulas,* rather than through organized seats of learning maintaining existence for long periods of time, that India has kept and enriched her culture so far. Santiniketan of Tagore may be perhaps the last flicker of the tradition.

To many a Westerner, therefore, Tagore's Abode of Peace has appeared as a fantastic anachronism in the present age of science and technology. Many an Indian also has felt that the idea has outlived its usefulness. But whatever the truth in the matter, there is no doubt that Tagore, by his teachings and through his forest retreat, answered a very pressing need of India in transition. Thanks to Rabindranath Tagore, probably the last of the *Gurus,* India will remain India even when the age of the machine has appeared to engulf her completely.

*Krishnalal Shridharani, Hindu poet and playwright, was a pupil of Tagore and disciple of Gandhi in India. His books written in Gujarati include plays, poems, short stories, and a novel. His autobiographical* My India, My America, *is scheduled for Fall publication by Duell, Sloan and Pearce.*



THE FUNNIEST BOOK OF THE YEAR!
"Delightful stories about young Joey and his long-suffering mother and sister . . . don't miss Joey."
—THE NEW YORKER
A Story Press Book, Illustrated by Peggy Bacon, $2.50
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
There's One In Every Family
By FRANCES EISENBERG




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Records in Review

By Edward Tatnall Canby

MOST people's musical taste, despite all *rationalizations*, is determined largely by the music they hear. We tend to like what we hear and hear what we like. The essence of the immense effect of radio and phonograph has been to break this vicious circle, to make instead an ever-widening spiral, demand creating demand, familiarity breeding understanding of music in its own terms. In the pre-radio era, for example, there was much to-do in books and lectures about the ineffable and fragile genius of Mozart. Pleasant pictures were invoked of eighteenth-century drawing rooms, white wigs, and minuets. In such an unreal literary atmosphere the actual music of Mozart found little place and less understanding. There was at best an occasional indulgence in the "purely formal beauty" of the last symphonies, the famous arias. But a new generation finds literary investigation flavorless. We have tasted real blood. We find there is something of rhythm, humor, craftsmanship in the veriest Mozart potboiler. We take each for what it's worth—and clamor for more.

Thus there has been a scramble to unearth new Mozart, new Haydn. Significantly, the complete numbering of Haydn's symphonies has returned, and the familiar No. 2 excites our curiosity as much as No. 104. The gaps between the familiar works (*e.g.,* Nos. 45 and 94 of Haydn) are being filled. Radio symphoniettas, under the very noses of the critics who cry, "lesser works!", have given wide circulation to some of these recently unknown symphonies and the major orchestras have quickly followed. Victor's August feature set contains one, Mozart's No. 29, along with No. 34, which has been familiar for a long time (V M-795; $5.50). Like the recently revived Haydn No. 67 and No. 80, No. 29 is already one of those things you seem to have heard somewhere before, common coinage in the new radio repertoire. It is unusually robust, with themes of unforgettable energy, if not subtlety. The Boston Symphony plays with brilliance, yet not of the conscious virtuoso sort displayed in Koussevitsky's earlier eighteenth century recording. . . . Along with these, Sir Thomas Beecham's recording with the N. Y. Philharmonic of Mozart's No. 39 in Eb is to be recommended (C M-456; $3.50). The brilliance of Columbia's American recording balances a disposition to tubbiness on the part of this well-known Mozart conductor. . . . Especially recommended is the Violin Sonata K. 376 played by the Menuhins (V M-791; $2.50). Though Yehudi's technique is of the nineteeth century his attitude towards Mozart is as sober and serious as one could wish; the characteristic tremulo and soft tone are quickly forgotten. Hephzibah's Mozart is perfection.

★ ★

The genius of Gluck is that of utter simplicity. Though his music has not the higher organization of Mozart, it is pointless to carp about rank before the absolute beauty of, for instance, the *Orpheus* ballet music. Again, the current demand is for more Gluck. A disc of excerpts from the ballet *Don Juan* and an orchestral suite synthesized by Felix Mottl from various works are offered by Victor. The suite, played by the Boston Pops (V M-787; $2.50) contains well known *Orpheus* music, plus "lesser" music of some interest. Part of the *Don Juan* music (Victor Chamb. Orch. V 13648; $1) proves to be an earlier version of the well known Dance of the Furies from *Orpheus*. Mr. Mottl's "free transcription" is, all in all, a model of decorum.

★ ★

The new Roth Quartet is recovering the skill of the old. Its recent performance of the Schumann A minor Quartet (C M-454; $3.50) is a powerful reading, brilliantly recorded. This group may well gain a position in Romantic music complementing that of the Budapest in Beethoven and Mozart. . . . Mendelsohn's *Capriccio Brillant* for piano and orchestra is recorded by the Latvian Joanna Graudan with the Minneapolis (C X-197; $2.50). Graudan's fine playing and Mitropoulos's energy can do little for this platitudinous music. . . . Gershwin's celebrated *Rhapsody in Blue* is authoritatively played by Alec Templeton and André Kostalanetz (C X-196). A study of this work as music, not jazz, is certainly worthwhile, if only as a symptom of musical tendencies. Though it teems with ideas it has virtually no organization in the larger sense; and this in truth is the only valid type of criticism that can be made, for the fact that it uses the jazz (—vanishing word!) idiom can no longer bar it from consideration as *bona fide* music.


SALLY BENSON hails:

"A master of horror..."

THERE is no one quite like Shearing." — *New Yorker.* ∗ "A horror-thriller of the most sinister and horror-thrilling kind."—*N.Y. Times Book Review* ∗ "A truly devilish conclusion . . . Here is one of the most malevolent females in song or story."—WILL CUPPY, *N.Y. Herald Tribune.*
$2.00, Smith & Durrell, Inc.

THE CRIME OF Laura Sarelle

BY JOSEPH SHEARING


# The Criminal Record

**The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction**

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| THE GOOD NEIGHBOR MURDER *Eleanor Pierson* (Howell & Soskin: $2.) | U. S. official and wife, on good-will trip to Brazil, encounter spies and murders, and triumphantly scotch vast Nazi plot. | Well-informed narrative about machinations of Hitler agents in South America. Plot and dialog nothing startling. Backgrounds nicely done. | Average |
| MURDER AT LIBERTY HALL *Allan Clutton-Brock* (Macmillan: $2.) | Scientist called to English school to investigate arson epidemic blamed on young hopefuls, stays to solve poisoning of teacher's wife. | Excellent basic idea, much sly humor and a good puzzle, but pace of yarn is lethargic to say the least. | Slow—but sure |
| THE CORPSE THAT KNEW EVERYBODY *Cedric Worth* (Dutton: $2.) | Two reasonably fresh-killed men topple out of closet in Park Ave. apt. and retired Sleuth Sevrel returns to crime-chasing. | Dirty work in murky passage ways beneath Manhattan thoroughfare and similar skulduggery overhead keep story moving at fast and fantastic pace. | Thriller |
| MAIGRET KEEPS A RENDEZVOUS *Georges Simenon* (Harcourt: $2.) | Sea-captain's slaying after unlucky voyage occupies French detective in opener; forewarned rural tragedy involving aristocratic family concludes volume. | Maigret's unusual methods well-displayed in second yarn—"The Saint Fiacre Affair." Sea-port curtain raiser sordid but absorbing. | 60-40 |
| THE CASE OF THE KIPPERED CORPSE *Margaret Scherf* (Putnams: $2.) | Murders and kidnapping in easily identifiable Jersey coast resort cleared up by amateur sleuth and harassed local coppers. | Fact that nobody cared much about fate of four unfortunates makes wackiness of yarn more acceptable than in most "funny" murders. | Good fun |



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TRADE WINDS

UNHERALDED and in its own quiet way, a book of pictures has been published which is taking a place among the best-sellers. The book contains reproductions of etchings, water colors and photographs; its tone is nostalgic, and, in a sense historical, for it portrays familiar scenes of England and its countryside, its cities, its docks, its famous inn and shrines in the days before the Blitz.

☞"This Realm, This England" is a sad book, but a brave one. To thousands of Americans many of the pictures will recall to them days of happy and a memorable past. Today some of these places are rubble. But here it is —England as it was and, we cannot help but feel, England as it will be again.

★ ★

☞The literary activities of exiled and refugee P.E.N. writers are pretty well obscured these days. Many of these international figures are in the United States and many, too, are in London. From London, though, we hear, through the P.E.N. *News* that a luncheon was held at Frascati's Restaurant, Oxford Street, W., last month for the benefit of English and other European P.E.N. Centres. Storm Jameson, president of the English P.E.N. was chairman. The Catalan Centre was represented by Carlos Pi Sunyer; Czechoslovak Centre by Frantisek Langer; Norwegian Centre by Wilhelm Keilhau; Polish Centre by Maria Kuncewiczowa; Yiddish Centre by Leo Koenig; Austrian Centre by Robert Neumann; German Centre by Alfred Kerr. Members of the Belgian, Dutch, Greek, and Roumanian centres were also present.

★ ★

☞What seems to us as one of the best book buys these days is the new PocketBOOK edition of "The Pocket History of the World," by H. G. Wells. The famous historian has added a brand new chapter and a new map to "The Short History of the World," and it will be included in this new edition. The 484 pages begin when the universe was only time and space, and end with the outbreak of the second World War.

★ ★

☞One of the miracles of publishing is the phenomenal sales of a book that is almost 400 years old. We refer to the "Oracles of Nostradamus," published by Scribner's. The amazing interest that people have in the future, and in speculating on what Hitler has in his mind, has pushed this imprint into its ninth printing since the first of the year. The Hess flight and the alliance and abrupt ending of the Hitler-Stalin pact, it is alleged, were predicted by the sage of sixteenth century France.

★ ★

☞This brings to mind another book on Nostradamus which is published by Creative Age Press, Inc. "Nostradamus and the Man Who Saw Through Time" is written by Lee McCann and it is the first biography written in English of this crystal ball gazer. Since the work is written in a serious vein, we are somewhat disappointed that Miss McCann failed to include an index and bibliography. Miss McCann also brings into her book the various predictions that have been made from time to time about the famous Hess descent into Scotland, but adds the various forecasts of Nostradamus of armies that "will fight in the air," the use of the tank ("iron cage") in modern warfare, the rise and fall of Mussolini, and also, a prophecy that has not yet been realized, the final defeat of Hitler.

★ ★

☞Add to your reference library the forthcoming "The Oxford Companion to American Literature." It is an excellent one-volume edition for the general reader and also for the student of American history. In alphabetical order from "Abie's Irish Rose" to "Zury, the Meanest in Spring County," the entries cover the range of American writing, from "Mourt's Relation" (1622) to Willa Cather's "Sapphira and The Slave Girl" (1940). There are more than 893 summaries and descriptions of important American novels, short stories, plays, and essays. Now that we have given you all these statistics we just want to add that the book is due on Sept. 4.

★ ★

☞The University of Chicago Press is inaugurating a series of low-priced books dealing with democracy. The first two to come off the press are "What is Democracy," by Charles E. Merriam, and "Democracy in American Life," by Avery O. Craven. These volumes are part of a program of publications projected by the University of Chicago under the auspices of the Charles R. Walgreen Foundation for the study of American institutions. Other books for lay readers will soon follow, one of which is "The United States and Civilization," by Dr. John U. Nef; and a series of essays on the Constitution, political parties, the press, business, the farmer, and labor.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.


**TOMORROW**

THE MAGAZINE OF THE FUTURE

● The editors of TOMORROW believe that there is no better time than the present to launch a new magazine. They offer within its pages a constructive program for the building of a better future.

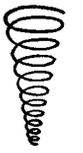
● Established writers, as well as young leaders who, the editors believe, are already in our midst, will be given an opportunity to express themselves truthfully and fearlessly in the fields of Science, Philosophy, Religion, Psychology and the Creative Arts.

**FIRST ISSUE NOW ON NEWSSTANDS**

***Among the Contributors***

ALAN DEVOE — SIGRID UNDSET
LOUIS SACK — ANNE PIERCE
RUFUS JONES — JAMES HILTON
ANDRÉ MAUROIS — GERALD HEARD
THE VERY REVEREND W. R. INGE
DR. WM. MOULTON MARSTEN
DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER
SIR GEORGE DYSON

*Order your copy TODAY*
*Single copies 25c—Per year $2.50*



**CREATIVE AGE PRESS, Inc.**
**11 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y.**




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## PERSONALS

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.*

**BRITISH REFUGEE COUPLE** with ex-wounded refugee dog are looking for a centrally situated inexpensive apartment for winter; 2 to 3 rooms, bath and kitchen with garden if possible. Concientious, house-proud tenants; altho assets frozen, can pay reasonable rent. 8-VJ.

**FEMME,** Hebrew, who owns a very optimistic attitude toward the world outlook would welcome correspondence. Box 555-E.

**AT THE SIGN OF THE RED DOG**—delightful accommodations for summer. Near charming New England village. Rates on application. P. O. Box 209, Sharon, Connecticut.

**BOOKSHOP FOR SALE.** Attractive personal shop, well established, excellent clientele. New York City. Phone Butterfield 8-5241 or write Box 546-E.

**OLD WESTERN WAGON WHEELS** for sale Make picturesque gates—lend western atmosphere to lawns—dens. Shipped freight (not prepaid) on receipt of five dollars. Helen Indreland, Living Springs, Montana.

**YOUR HANDWRITING** may not "reveal all," but does offer valuable clues to self-knowledge, harmonious relationships. Send specimen and dollar for your Self-Survey. Marjorie Cooper, Box 8AD.

**NEW HOUSES FOR OLD**—In new or old styles. (Apartments, too.) Decorating assistance and advice by trained, experienced, degree-d and globe-trotted interior architect. Box 699-E.

**"GREEN SHADOWS,"** Lyme, Connecticut. A delightful place for long or short vacations. Excellent food. Separate cottages.

**YOUNG LADY,** practically Mid-Victorian in outlook, residing nevertheless in Greenwick Village, wishes to share her apartment and kitten with a congenial female. Address: Mrs. A. W. Milord, 31 Grove Street, New York City.

**ART GRADUATE,** excellent training, available as teacher, assistant, for art, crafts at accredited school, institution. Box 550-E.

**EXACT TRANSLATIONS** from German, French into flowing English. Books, stories, articles. Box 543-E.

**DECIDED YET?** . . . Then by all means ask us to send you our twenty page illustrated booklet that will tell you all about this lovely New Hampshire Inn on the shores of the famous New Found Lake . . . Under the same, capable, friendly, happy management for nearly sixty years . . . Hillside Inn, Box 106, East Hebron, New Hampshire.

**YOUNG WOMAN,** tapestried experience, publishing and social science background, desires penwork. Box 551-E.

**SUCCESS INSURANCE!** Give your dinner, luncheon, or what-have-you party a psychological lift. Send a few lines of each guest's handwriting and 25c each for clever character analyses to read aloud or pin on place-cards. Marjorie Cooper, Box 7AB.

**FUN FOR ALL AGES** at our White Mountain guest farm. All sports. Delightful location. Write for Booklet. WHITNEY'S IN JACKSON, N. H., Box 1.

**ROOM WITH PRIVATE BATH** in picturesque garden home. Fifty-five miles New York City. Meals optional. Box 540-E.

**PARAGON OF VIRTURE** stymied by Micawber boss wonders who needs keen assistant, office manager or clerk. Experience—steel. Box 552-E.

## PERSONALS

**MODERATELY RELIABLE** correspondent would explore philosophies of life with professional women who prefer thinking to romance. Box 549-E.

**THE BREAKERS,** Vinalhaven, Maine, old New England farmhouse by the sea. A log fire; no radio. September rates, $15 a week.

**PARENTS AND OTHERS** with a school problem will find the "School & Colleges" Section of the current issue of **Harpers** Magazine a real help. Our School Bureau will gladly aid you to locate that school or college you seek. Address School Bureau, Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.

**GENTLEMAN NOW EMPLOYED,** desires change. Secretarial, purchasing, general office, for school, college, or what have you? Twenty years experience. References. Box 554-E.

**LITERARY CONTEST:** Open to amateurs and professionals. Articles, stories, essays, sketches, poems. Prizes $15 and $20. Send for rules and address manuscript to "VILLAGER," Bronxville, N. Y.

**A HAVEN IN THE HILLS** for fall vacations. The Farm on the Hill, Box 233, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

**LARGE HOUSE,** spacious grounds, good food, golfing, swimming, riding near by. Listed Duncan Hines. Rolling Acres, Pittsford, Vermont.

**SOUTHERN NEW MEXICO.** Joyous autumn weather. Warm sunny desert days, Cow ponies. Best of food. MiCasa at the foot of the Sacramento mountains is very comfortable. Write Osborne Wood, La Luz, New Mexico.

**FOR YOU**—A vacation Utopia. Sleeping and swimming, feasting and fishing. Record library and book stalls to complement the virtues of verandah and shady trees. Well-rolled tennis courts for professionals and amateurs. Box 139. The Woodlands, Phoenicia, New York, $27.50 the week.

**IDEAL APARTMENT** for artist, writer. Gracie Square. Three rooms, bath. Furnished. Sublease September First—short term. Box 556-E.

**SEPTEMBER VACATIONING—FISHING. RIDING AND WHOLESOME COUNTRY LIVING**—In clear autumn air and brilliant fall foliage. Fly fishing, five home lakes all month. Bridle Trails and back roads through forests and old farmlands. Private cottages with baths. Main Lodge. Pleasing service throughout—Competent instruction or supervision for daily or extensive riding. Closes October 5th—48th Season. Quimby's Cold Spring Club, Averill, Northeastern Vermont.

**VERSATILE,** lady teacher desires stimulating intelligent correspondence with gentlewoman. Box 553-E.

**REST OR PLAY** at the foot of Monadnock. Here you'll find comfort, delicious meals, congenial company and every vacation diversion. For booklet, write G. L. Austermann. SHATTUCK INN, Jaffrey, N. H.

**WANTED DIAMONDS!**—The Eustace Diamonds, and Anthony Trollope's at that. Reader will pay cash for a second-hand copy of this priceless gem. Box 2J.

*"Surely the most valuable hunting-ground* that ever was given to a student of the unusual!"*

**—Sherlock Holmes**

**The* ***PERSONAL*** *advertisements in the London papers [and the SRL, too.]*

## CLASSIFIED

*ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.*

### FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare books. Old books. New Books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

### FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mail order catalogue. 20c.

### LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Agent Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Editing and typing. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

SALES * REVISION * SALES to book and magazine publishers. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park, Boston, Mass.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References. 152½ South Clark Drive, Los Angeles, California.

RESEARCH, Congressional Library, Government Bureaus. Lowest prices for summer engagements. John Crehore, Washington Grove, Maryland.

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 22 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 280 Madison at 40th St., New York City.

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Educacation, literary, economic, historical, investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

### BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Bookplaters. Yellow Springs, Ohio.

### BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINES SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

### OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE. Dept. No. 400, 117 West 48th Street, New York, Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS, in or out of print. IF IT'S A BOOK WE MAY HAVE IT. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. OLDEST OLD BOOK SHOP IN NEW YORK.

### BARGAINS

UNIQUE BARGAIN BOOK LIST MAILED FREE. CO-OP. BOOKERY, 210 East Erie, Chicago.

SALE. Thousand books, 25c-$1.00. Send want lists. Box 548-E.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's as easy as this!

At New York's Grand Central Terminal just toss your bag to a porter and say "Hotel Roosevelt" . . . He'll escort you through our private passageway, direct to the Roosevelt lobby . . . Time-saving convenience and complete comfort . . . Satisfying meals . . . Attractive rooms with tub and shower—$4.50 up.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*

MADISON AVENUE AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

Direct Entrance from Grand Central Terminal

THE AUTHENTIC Literature of Israel

By Elizabeth Czarnomska. This highly important work presents the ancient Hebrew Scriptures in the form as near as possible in which they first appealed to the nation. The Scriptures are divided into a series of consistent, homogeneous documents, each bearing the characteristic mark of its age which makes it easy to trace the development of the ideas on which Christianity is based.

2 Volumes (Macmillan)

Original Edition

Formerly $10.00

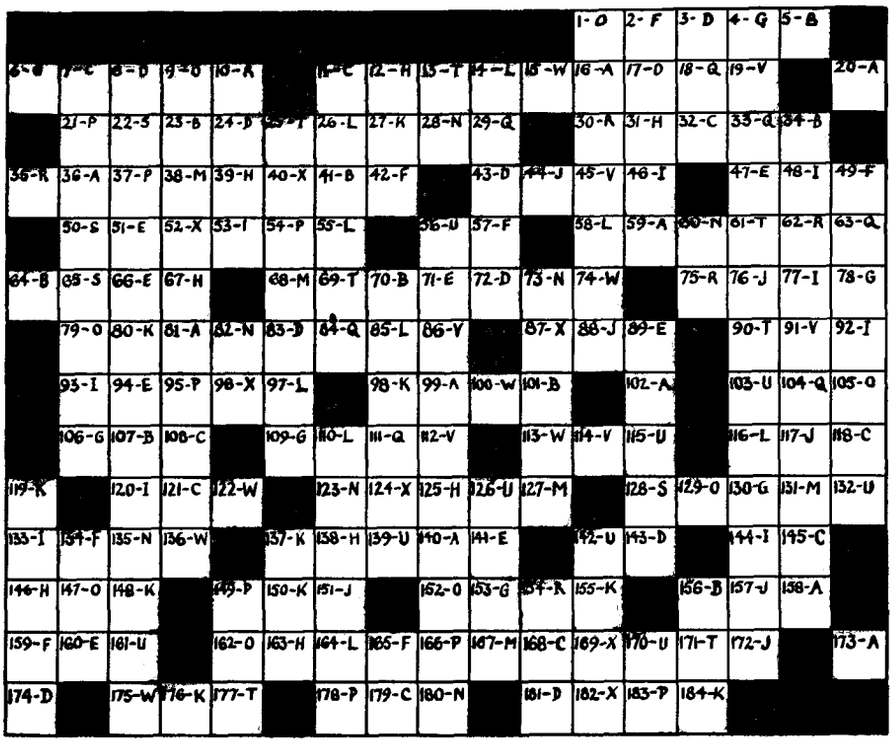
NOW ONLY $3.49

BARGAIN BOOK CO.

25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

# Double-Crostics: No. 386

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY




### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 13 of this issue.**

### DEFINITIONS

**A.** Boring in rock, as mollusks (zool.)

**B.** Family name of the Duke of Wellington (1769-1852).

**C.** Assumed by Napoleon (1805) as King of Italy (2 wds.)

**D.** Work by John Evelyn (1661).

**E.** Son of Auge and Hercules.

**F.** Road pavement of small stone rolled hard and smooth.

**G.** Petulant.

**H.** Transport with delight.

**I.** Canopied structure over altar.

**J.** Sayings attributed to Jesus, not in canonical writings.

**K.** Lay with checkered work.

**L.** State admitted to the Union in 1796.

**M.** Morning reception or assembly.

**N.** Taint with malice.

**O.** Small parts or pages of book other than text.

**P.** Town in Cornwall, England, in Maine, and on Cape Cod.

**Q.** Persons too strong for attacking assailants.

**R.** Took notice of.

**S.** Signal stages of history.

**T.** Rocky Mountain sheep.

**U.** Architectural.

**V.** Umpire.

**W.** Doxology at close of synagogue prayers.

**X.** Work on while others deliberate (2 wds.)

### WORDS

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 140 | 20 | 36 | 99 | 16 | 102 | 81 | 173 | 59 | 158 |
| 156 | 107 | 23 | 70 | 101 | 5 | 64 | 41 | 34 | |
| 32 | 118 | 7 | 121 | 11 | 108 | 168 | 179 | 145 | |
| 174 | 43 | 3 | 17 | 143 | 8 | 181 | 24 | 83 | 72 |
| 47 | 141 | 94 | 89 | 51 | 160 | 71 | 66 | | |
| 159 | 49 | 134 | 57 | 2 | 165 | 42 | | | |
| 106 | 4 | 6 | 78 | 153 | 130 | 109 | | | |
| 31 | 39 | 12 | 146 | 163 | 125 | 67 | 138 | | |
| 133 | 120 | 77 | 92 | 144 | 93 | 48 | 53 | 46 | |
| 157 | 172 | 151 | 117 | 44 | 88 | 76 | | | |
| 137 | 150 | 148 | 119 | 176 | 98 | 184 | 27 | 155 | 80 |
| 14 | 85 | 58 | 26 | 116 | 55 | 97 | 110 | 164 | |
| 167 | 131 | 68 | 127 | 38 | | | | | |
| 73 | 28 | 123 | 135 | 180 | 82 | 60 | | | |
| 162 | 79 | 152 | 1 | 129 | 9 | 105 | 147 | | |
| 166 | 95 | 54 | 21 | 178 | 183 | 37 | 149 | | |
| 33 | 104 | 84 | 29 | 111 | 63 | 18 | | | |
| 75 | 35 | 62 | 30 | 154 | 10 | | | | |
| 65 | 128 | 22 | 50 | | | | | | |
| 61 | 13 | 25 | 90 | 69 | 177 | 171 | | | |
| 142 | 161 | 103 | 56 | 115 | 139 | 132 | 170 | 126 | |
| 45 | 86 | 112 | 19 | 91 | 114 | | | | |
| 100 | 113 | 122 | 136 | 15 | 74 | 175 | | | |
| 87 | 182 | 96 | 169 | 124 | 52 | 40 | | | |



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TO UNDERSTAND YOUR WORLD TODAY . . .

## You Must know the PEOPLE Who Make the News!

Now An Entirely New Kind of Magazine Brings You The Inside Stories of The PEOPLE Who Are Making Today's History . . .

People are the most *fascinating* subjects in the world! Know the people who *make* the news . . . and you will *know* the news. Know their lives, their personalities, their ambitions, their achievements and shortcomings, and you will understand *why* they do what they do . . . what makes them tick . . .

The flow of events is swifter and more violent today than ever before in history . . . and behind the events are people. People wage wars, cure diseases, build cities, commit crimes, make scientific discoveries that affect our homes for good or for evil, teach us how to live and worship — how to die and kill.

### UNIQUE, CONDENSED LIVING BIOGRAPHIES
**RICHLY ILLUSTRATED!**

WHO, The Magazine About People . . America's richly illustrated big new monthly magazine that won the country overnight . . . introduces to you: Statesmen and Athletes, tycoons and musicians, artists and admirals, labor leaders and actresses, fashion designers and novelists . . . the doers — the dreamers who are making the world what it is today. Some are famous, some obscure, but they're all in WHO for one reason: They have something to say . . . provocative or timely, *thrilling or amusing . . . something vital,* electric, exciting, which you *cannot afford to miss.*

Every issue of WHO stimulates your thinking — fortifies your faith in our democratic way of life. WHO is always colorful, lively, everchanging — a veritable kaleidoscope of our times. Every issue of WHO brings you a fresh, sparkling group of people whose background you must know in order to discuss intelligently the burning issues of the day.

### WHO READS *Who?*
**READ WHAT THEY SAY:**

I like your whole magazine very much.
*Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt*
*The White House*
*Washington, D. C.*

Gentlemen: Allow me to congratulate you on your first issue of "WHO". I wish you great success with it through the years. Yours sincerely,
*Herbert Marshall*
*Beverly Hills, Calif.*

Your magazine gave me a great deal of satisfaction. I read it through and was particularly impressed by the thorough coverage of personalities, the variety of subjects and the high quality art work.
*R. J. Virtue, Publisher of*
*Erie Dispatch Herald, Erie, Pa.*

Without resorting to "soft soap" I believe you have developed one of the most absorbing magazines extant.
*Truman Bishop, Seattle, Wash.*

## FREE—IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

The first three big issues of WHO containing unforgettable current biographies of *Winston Churchill:* Rock of Empire; *Inonu,* the Dictator-President who may decide the fate of Europe; *William Knudsen,* Tool Maker for Defense; The *Ladies In Waiting In The White House; DeGaulle:* Leader of Free Frenchmen; *Ambassador Winant:* "That Rare Bird"; *Charley Soong's Daughters:* American-trained sisters helping to shape China's destiny; Those English Astors; *Murray of the C.I.O.; Virginio Gayda:* Mussolini's Mouthpiece; *Paul Schmidt:* Hitler's Ear and Tongue and a host of others. Dramatic, dynamic, these stories go behind the scenes to give you intimate, personal glimpses of the men and women whom you must know to understand the news of today.

*And These First Three Big Issues Are Yours ABSOLUTELY FREE If You Act At Once . . . While The Present Limited Supply Is Available.*

## SEND NO MONEY!

Simply fill out the coupon below, mail it to us today, and we will send you the first three issues of WHO (April, May and June) with our compliments. Subscribe for the next five issues of WHO for $1.00 . . . and get the first three issues free. And you don't even need to send the dollar now — unless you prefer. Read the first three issues first, then, after the magazine sells itself to you, send $1.00 for the next five. (Or notify us and we will cancel your subscription.) COULD WE MAKE A FAIRER OFFER? As our supply of back issues is limited this offer probably can never be repeated. FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW TODAY.

**3 BIG ISSUES FREE!**
EXCITING! INFORMATIVE! TIMELY!
**ACT NOW!**

### SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!
**MAIL THIS COUPON NOW**

Gerard Publishing Company, Dept S1,
420 Lexington Avenue,
New York City

☐ Enclosed is $1.00 for which enter my subscription for the next five issues of WHO — and send me the first three issues free.

☐ Send me the first three issues of WHO free and enter my subscription for the next five issues. I agree to pay $1.00 upon receipt of bill, or notify you of my desire to cancel.

NAME.....
STREET NO.....
CITY..... STATE.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED